14 Ross Ave

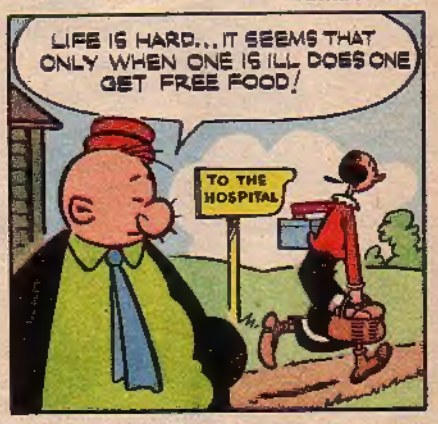
TV COMIC 6D

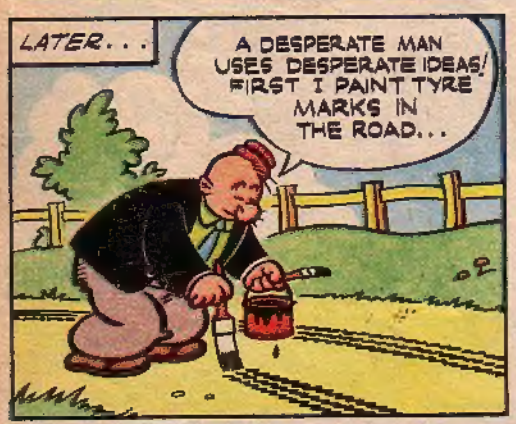
STARTS TODAY SPACE PATROL

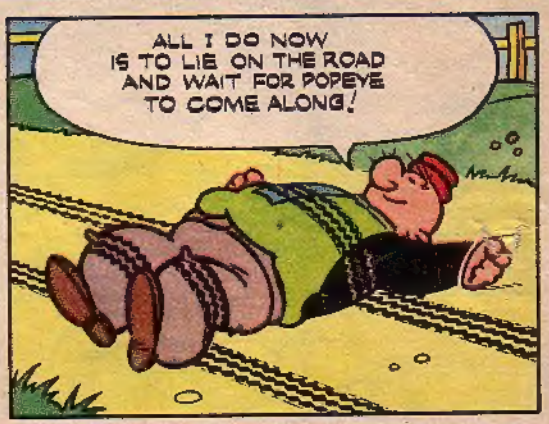
Every Monday Week Ending 3rd October, 1964 Number 668

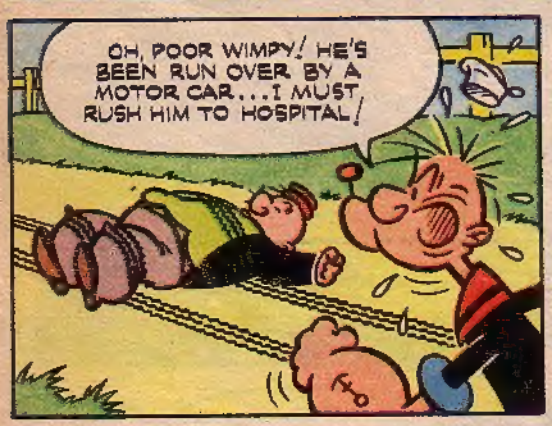
POPEYE

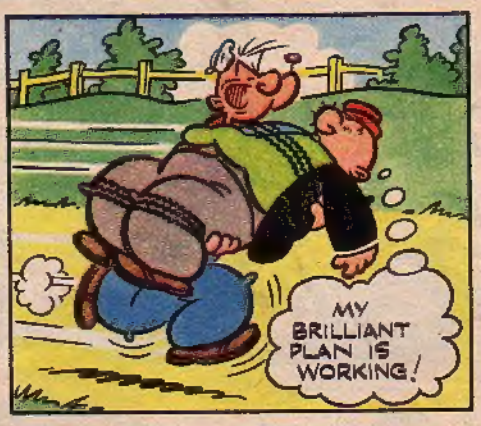
WHAT A LARGE SELECTION OF EXCELLENT FOOD... MAY I BE SO BOLD AS TO INVITE MYSELF TO LUNCH?
NO! OLIVE'S COOKING THIS FOR HER COUSIN, WHO'S IN HOSPITAL.

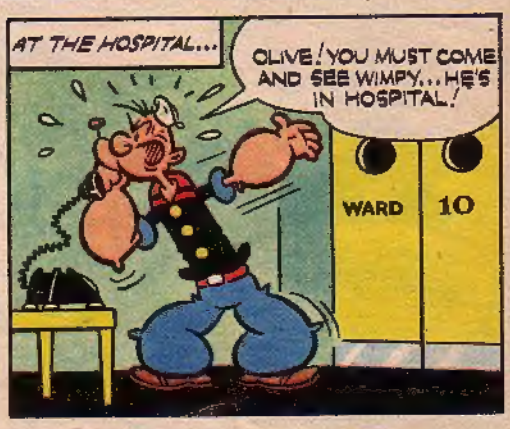


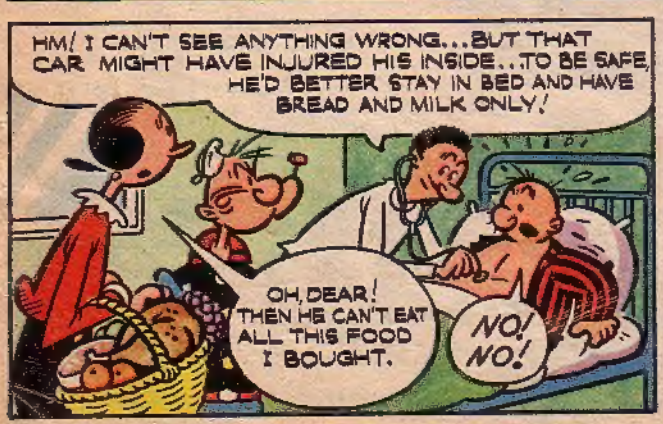


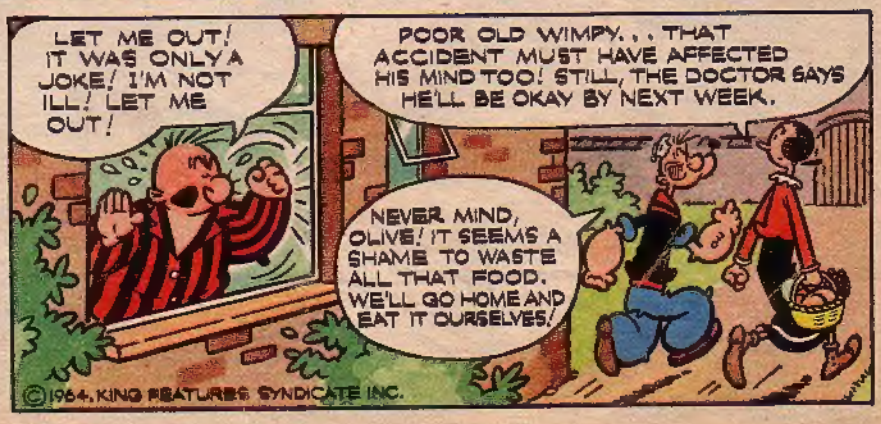









HM! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG... BUT THAT CAR MIGHT HAVE INJURED HIS INSIDE... TO BE SAFE, HE'D BETTER STAY IN BED AND HAVE BREAD AND MILK ONLY!
OH, DEAR! THEN HE CAN'T EAT ALL THIS FOOD I BOUGHT.
NO! NO!


LET ME OUT! IT WAS ONLY A JOKE! I'M NOT ILL! LET ME OUT!
POOR OLD WIMPY... THAT ACCIDENT MUST HAVE AFFECTED HIS MIND TOO! STILL, THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL BE OKAY BY NEXT WEEK.
NEVER MIND, OLIVE! IT SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE ALL THAT FOOD. WE'LL GO HOME AND EAT IT OURSELVES!

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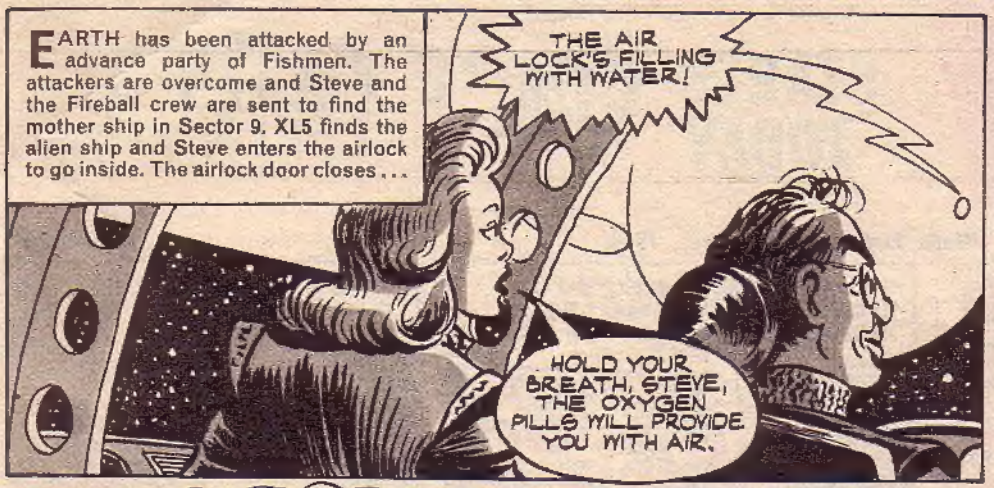
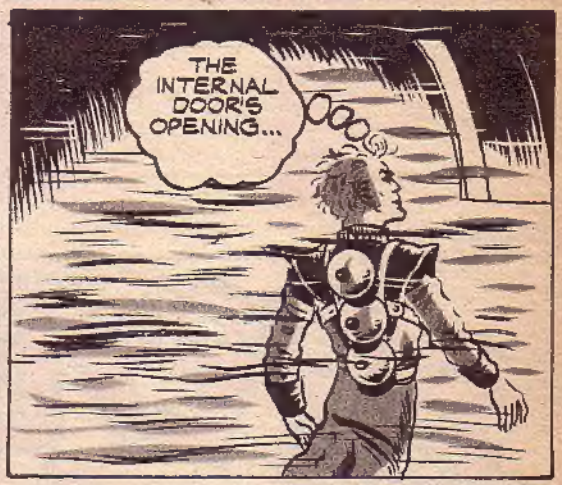
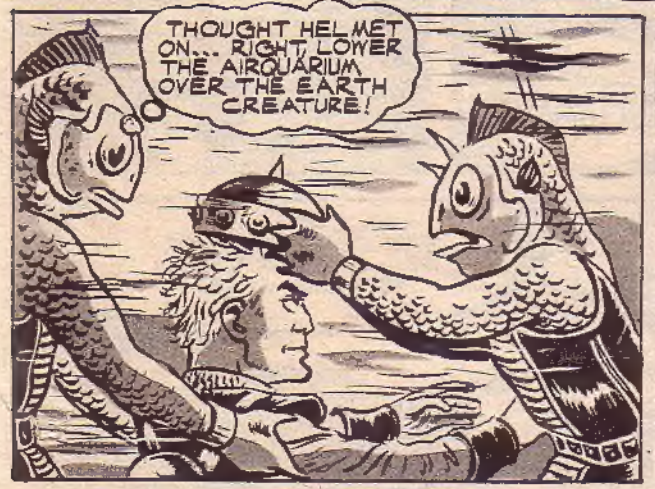
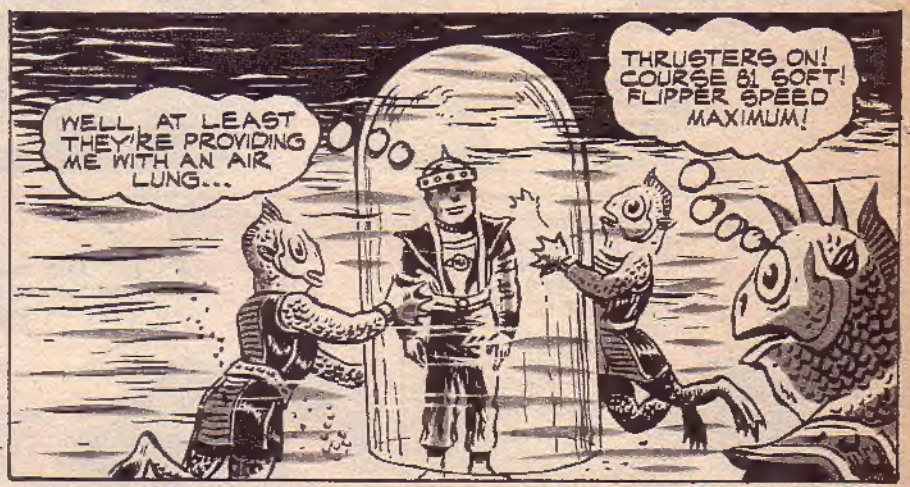
FIREBALL XL5

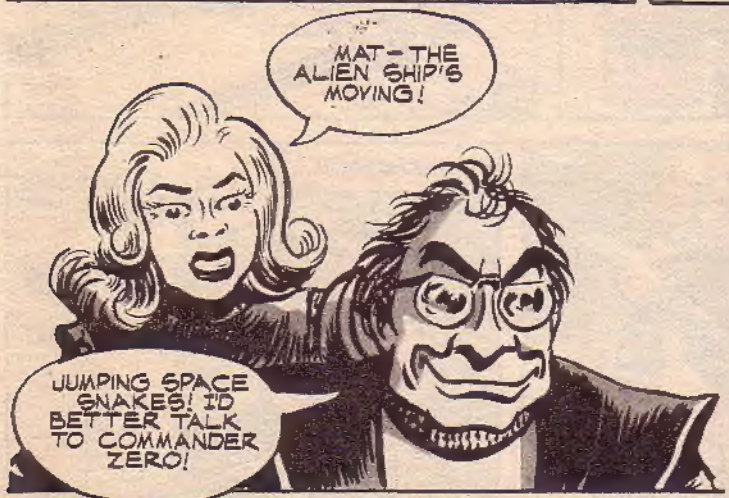
EARTH has been attacked by an advance party of Fishmen. The attackers are overcome and Steve and the Fireball crew are sent to find the mother ship in Sector 9. XL5 finds the alien ship and Steve enters the airlock to go inside. The airlock door closes . . .

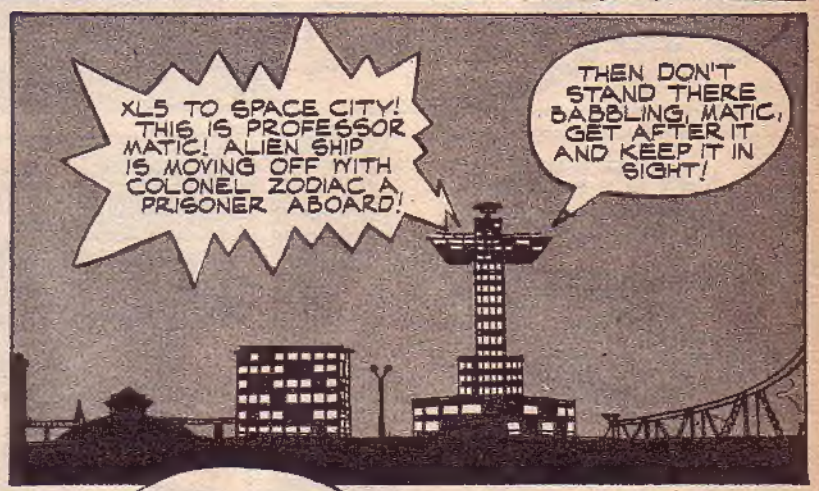


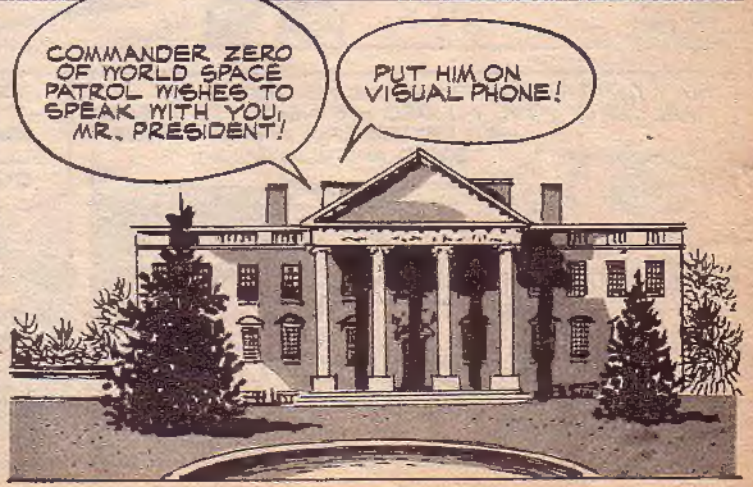




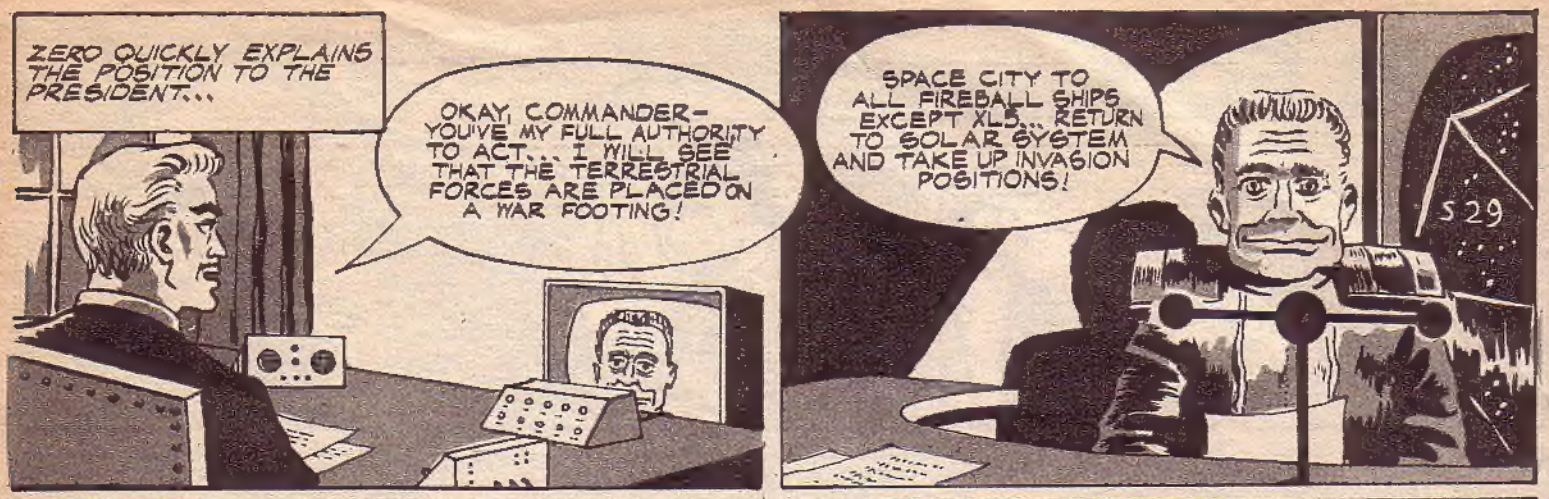


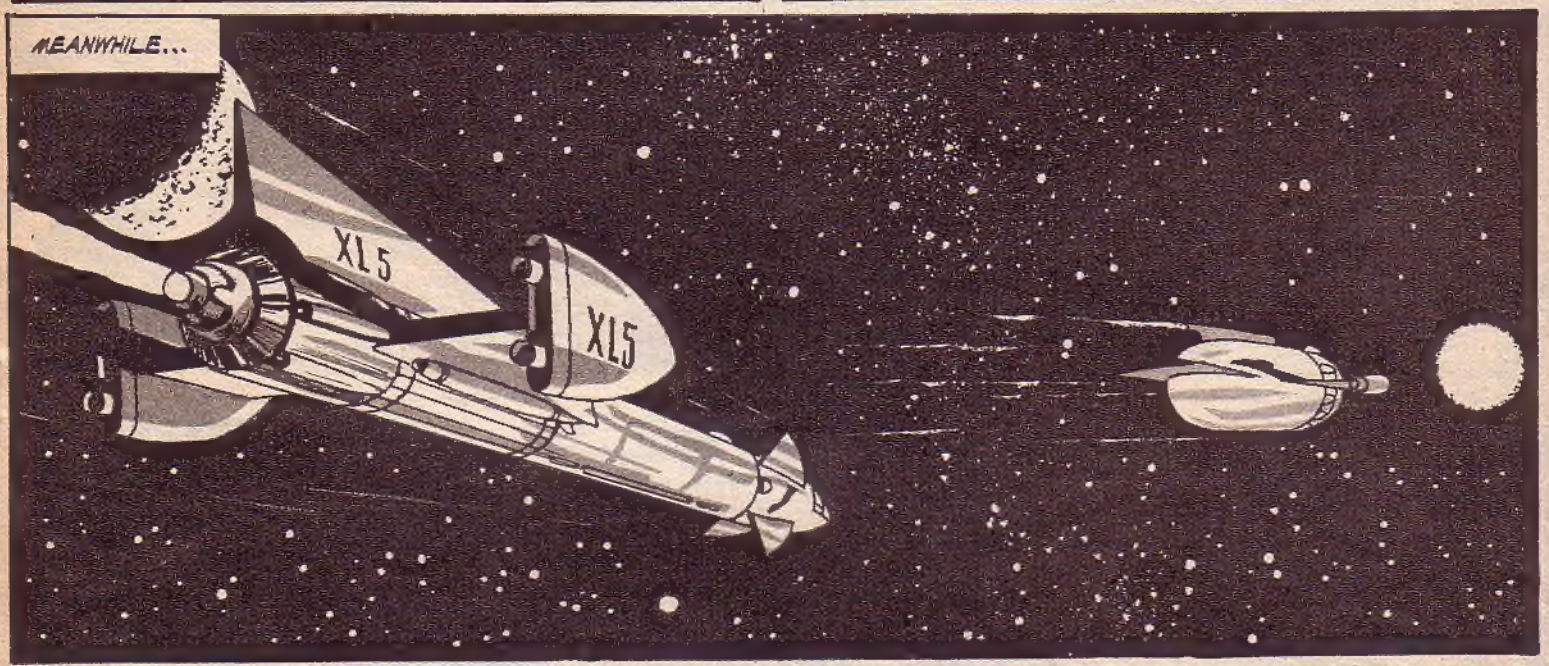


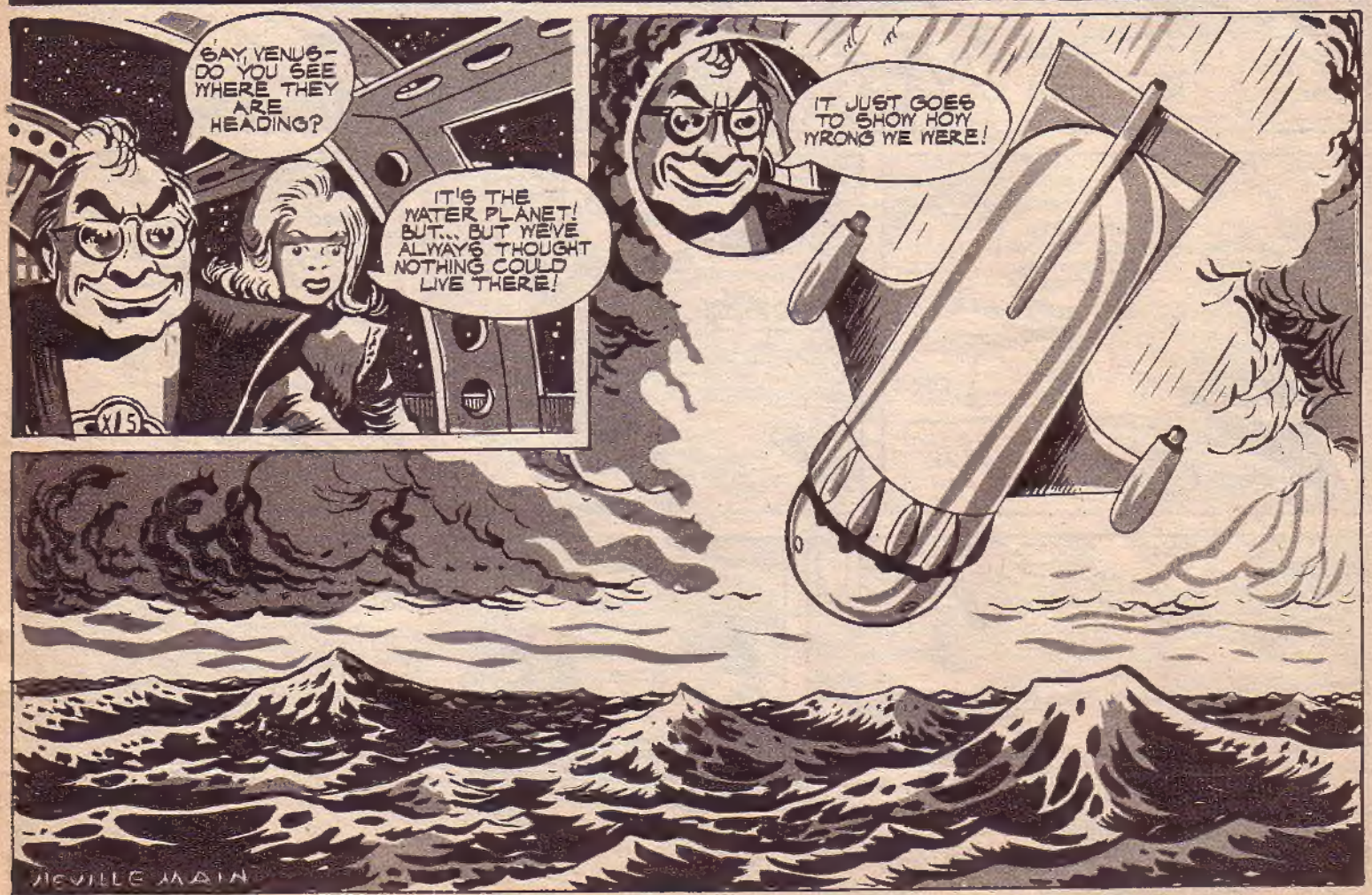

XL5 TO SPACE CITY! THIS IS PROFESSOR MATIC! ALIEN SHIP IS MOVING OFF WITH COLONEL ZODIAC A PRISONER ABOARD!
THEN DON'T STAND THERE BABBLING, MATIC, GET AFTER IT AND KEEP IT IN SIGHT!



Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5".


ZERO QUICKLY EXPLAINS THE POSITION TO THE PRESIDENT...
OKAY, COMMANDER— YOU'VE MY FULL AUTHORITY TO ACT... I WILL SEE THAT THE TERRESTRIAL FORCES ARE PLACED ON A WAR FOOTING!
SPACE CITY TO ALL FIREBALL SHIPS EXCEPT XL5... RETURN TO SOLAR SYSTEM AND TAKE UP INVASION POSITIONS!
529

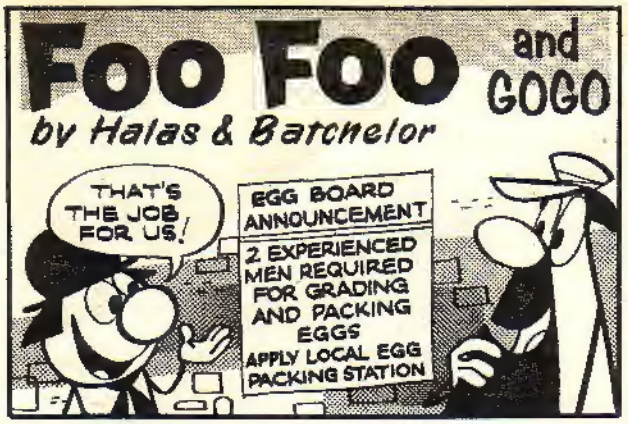


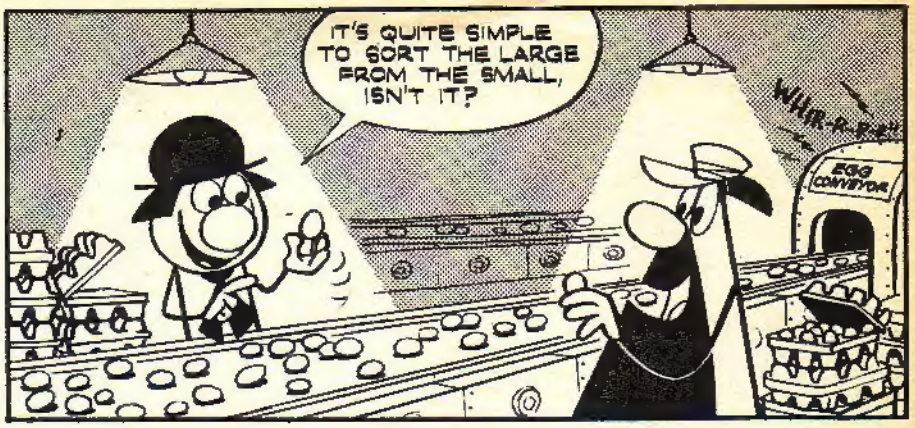

SAY, VENUS— DO YOU SEE WHERE THEY ARE HEADING?
IT'S THE WATER PLANET! BUT... BUT WE'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT NOTHING COULD LIVE THERE!
XL5
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW WRONG WE WERE!
DEVILLE MAIN

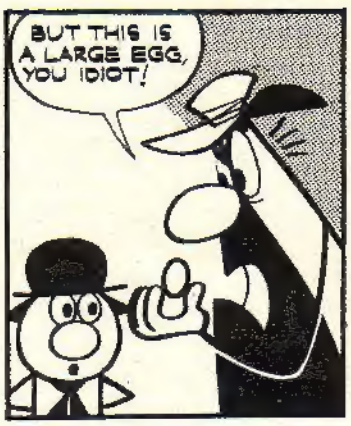
Next week, Mat offers to help the Fishmen!

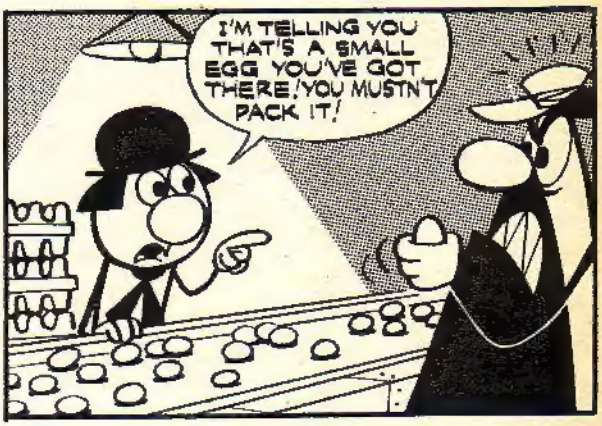
Foo Foo and GOGO

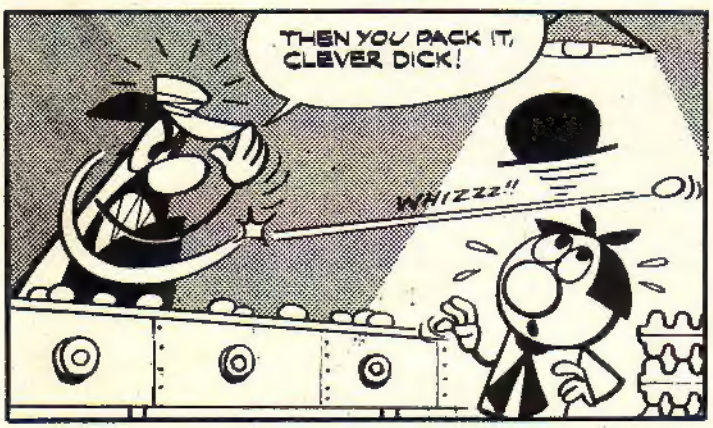
by Halas & Batchelor

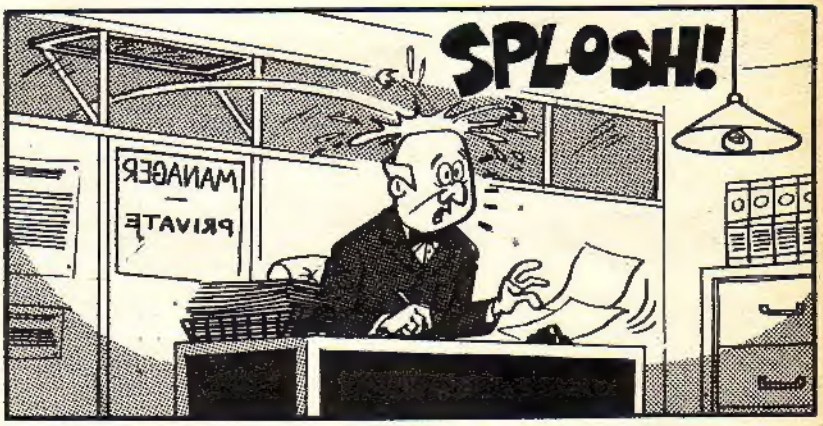

THAT'S THE JOB FOR US!
EGG BOARD ANNOUNCEMENT
2 EXPERIENCED MEN REQUIRED FOR GRADING AND PACKING EGGS
APPLY LOCAL EGG PACKING STATION

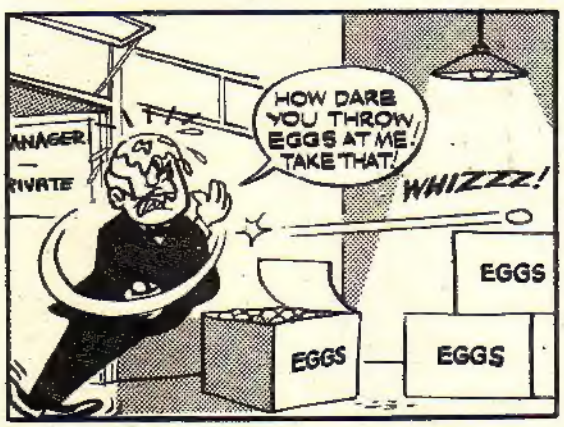


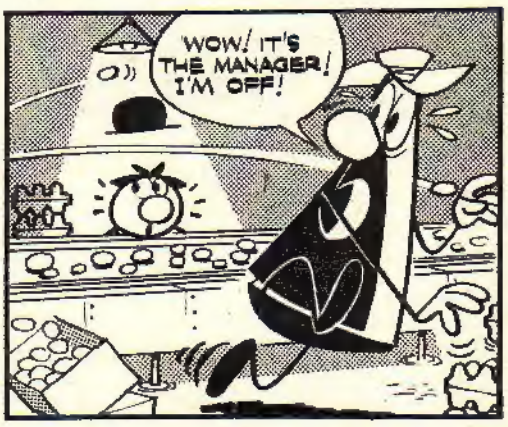


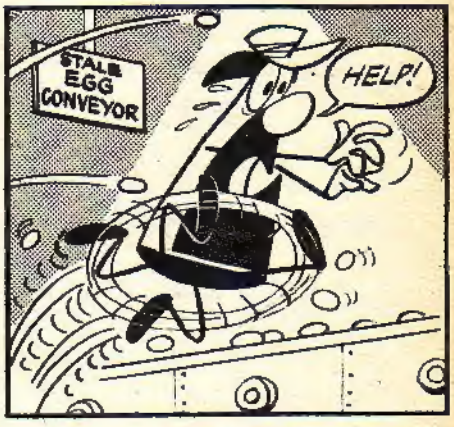


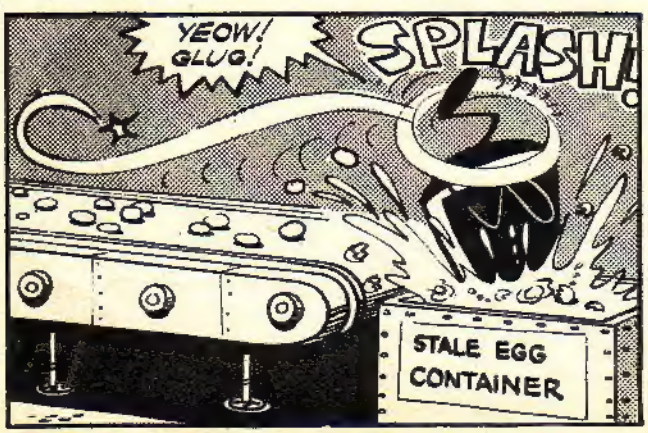


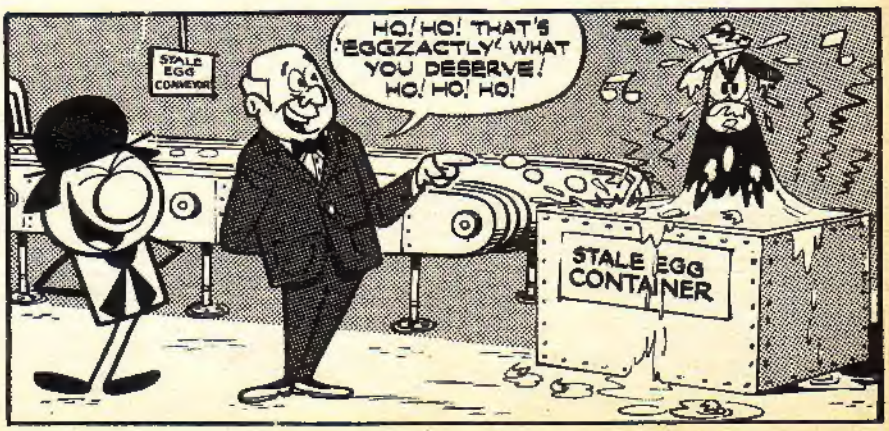








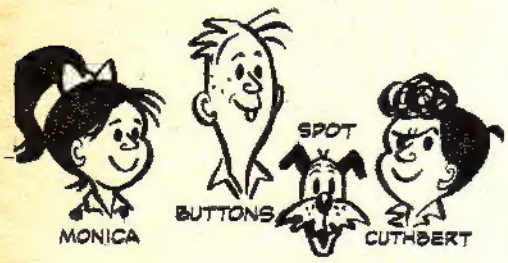


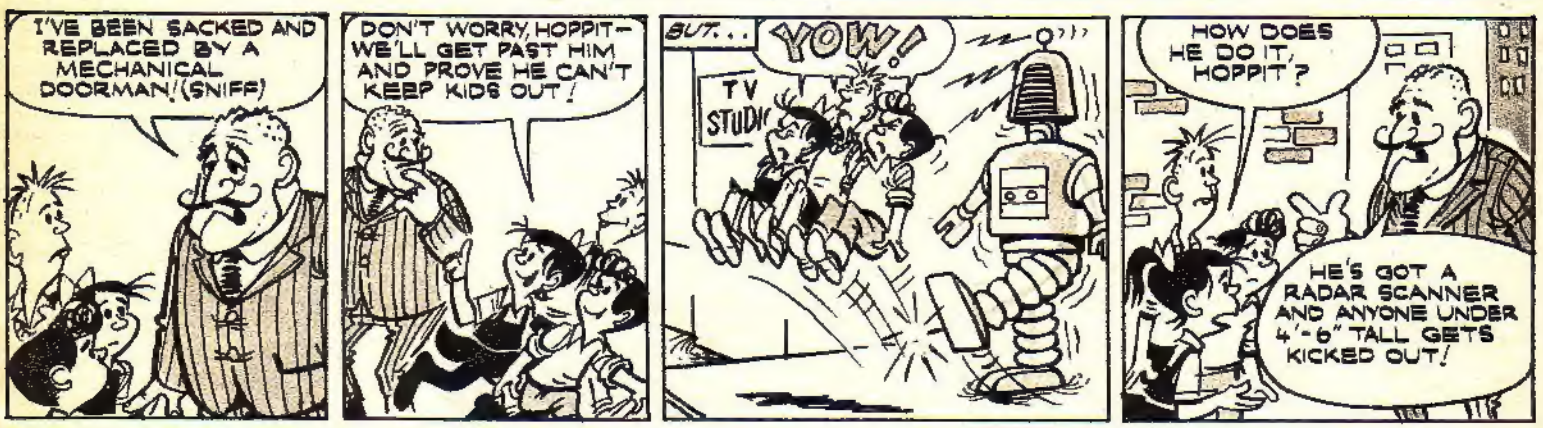


Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

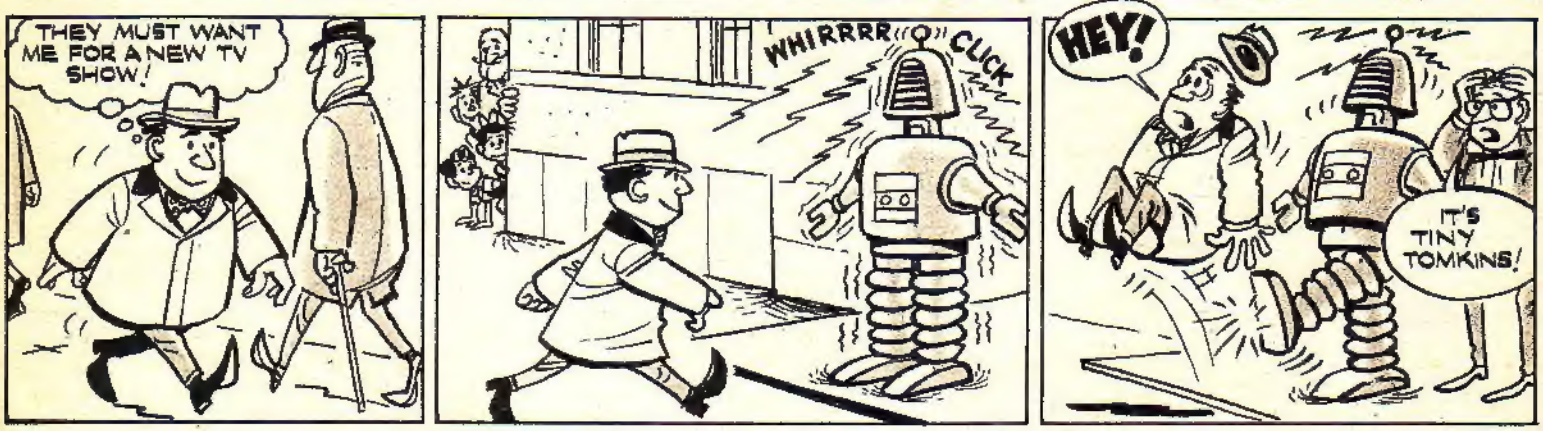
Gogo gets plastered next week!

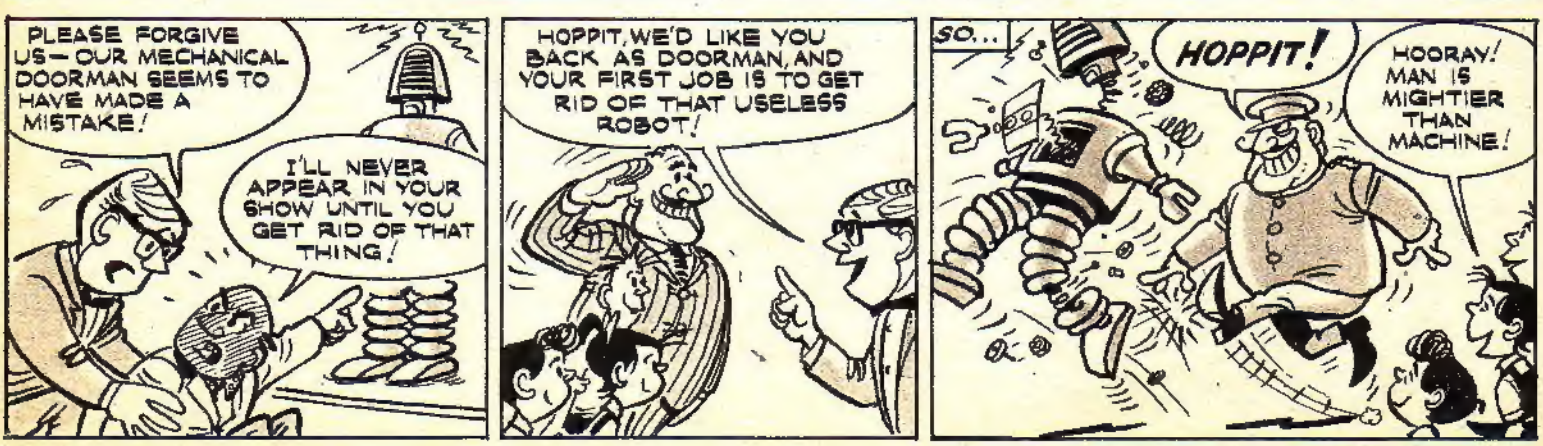
TV TERRORS




I'VE BEEN SACKED AND REPLACED BY A MECHANICAL DOORMAN! (SNIFF)
DON'T WORRY, HOPPIT— WE'LL GET PAST HIM AND PROVE HE CAN'T KEEP KIDS OUT!
BUT...
YOW!
TV STUDIO
HOW DOES HE DO IT, HOPPIT?
HE'S GOT A RADAR SCANNER AND ANYONE UNDER 4'-6" TALL GETS KICKED OUT!

WE'LL BEAT HIM YET! LEAVE THIS TO ME!
TELEPHONE
HELLO, IS THAT TINY TOMKINS, THE MINIATURE COMEDIAN?
SPEAKING!
COULD YOU COME ROUND TO THE TV STUDIOS RIGHT AWAY?
SURE! I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

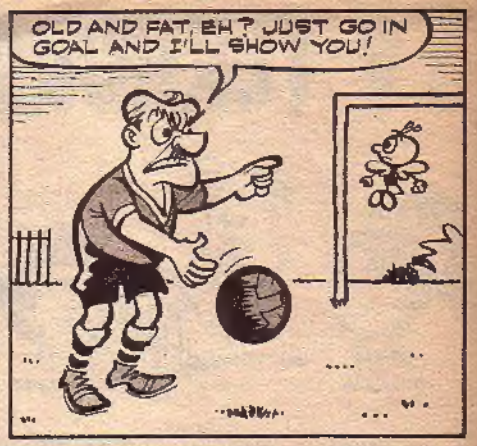


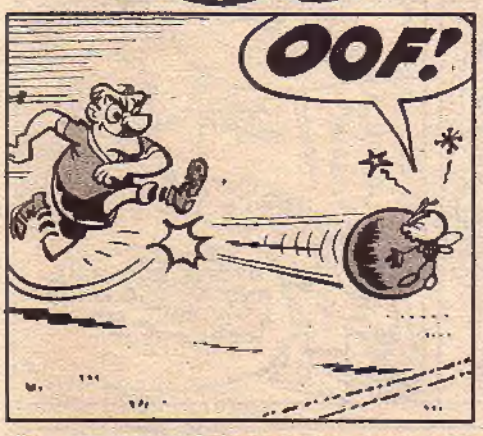

PLEASE FORGIVE US— OUR MECHANICAL DOORMAN SEEMS TO HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!
I'LL NEVER APPEAR IN YOUR SHOW UNTIL YOU GET RID OF THAT THING!
HOPPIT, WE'D LIKE YOU BACK AS DOORMAN, AND YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO GET RID OF THAT USELESS ROBOT!
SO...
HOPPIT!
HOORAY! MAN IS MIGHTIER THAN MACHINE!

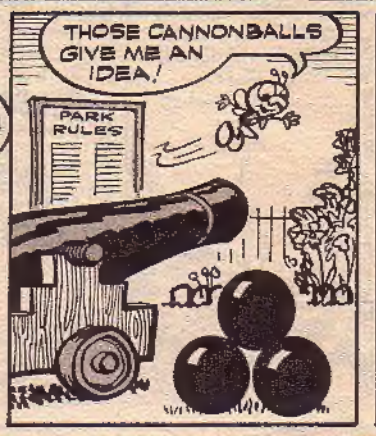
Next week, Hoppit scrambles for safety!

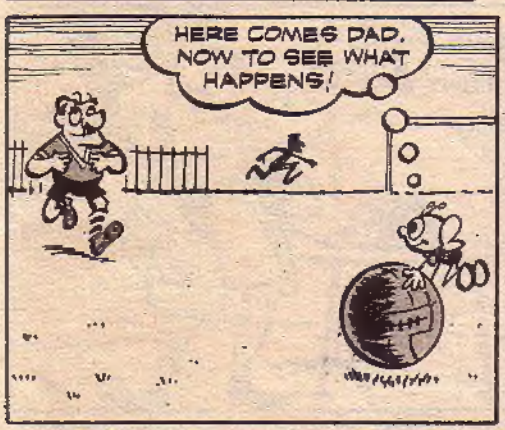
MIGHTY MOTH

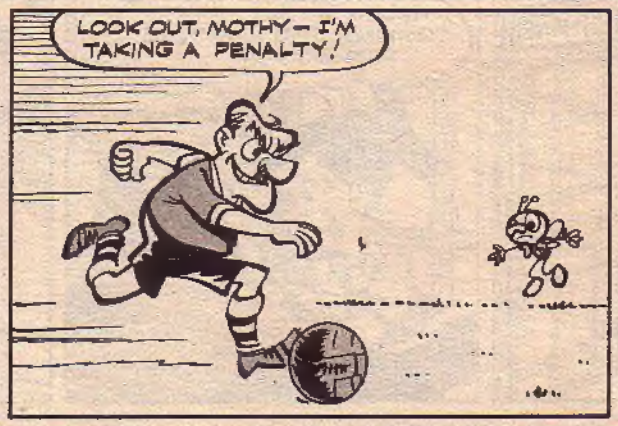
THIS PARK'S HANDY TO DO MY TRAINING IN— I'M PLAYING OUTSIDE RIGHT FOR THE TOWN FOOTBALL TEAM ON SATURDAY!
BUT, DAD, YOU'RE TOO OLD AND FAT TO PLAY FOOTBALL!

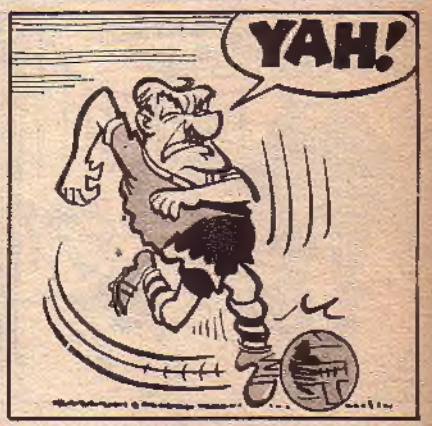


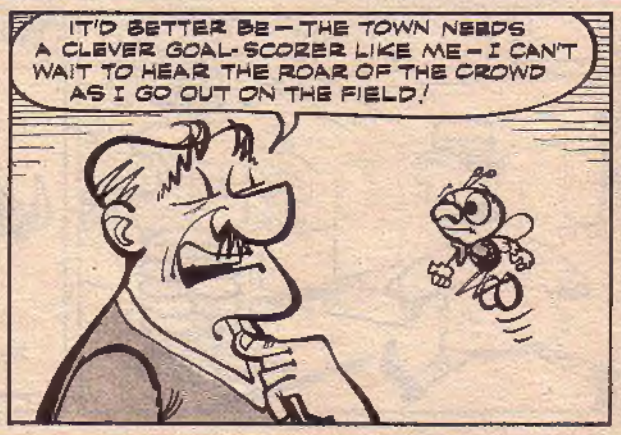


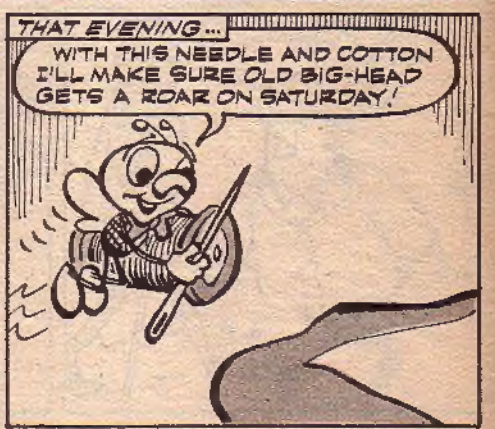








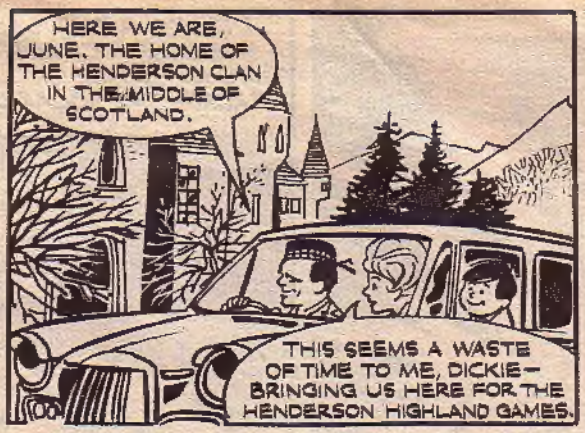


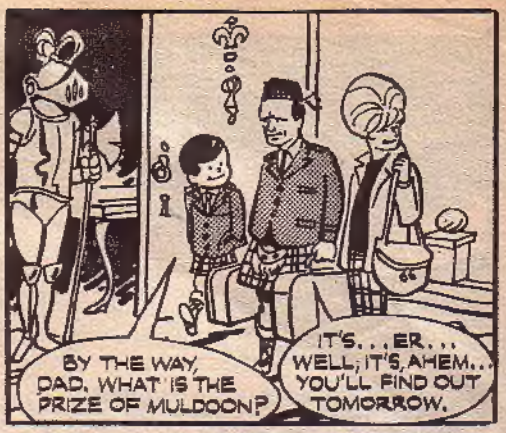


HA! HA! HA!
HO! HO!
HEE! HEE!
WHAT A CHARLIE!
BUT... BUT WHY ARE THEY LAUGHING?
OH, I DID A BIT OF SEWING AND TURNED YOUR NUMBER SEVEN UPSIDE DOWN, DAD!

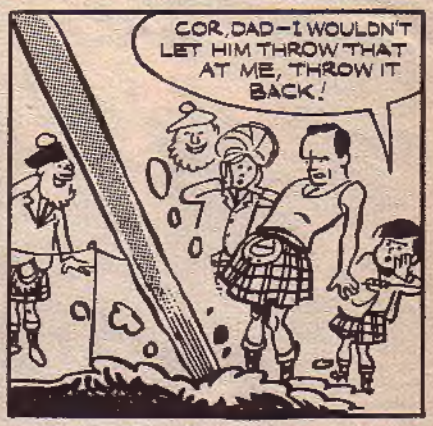
Next week, Dad's piano goes with a bang!

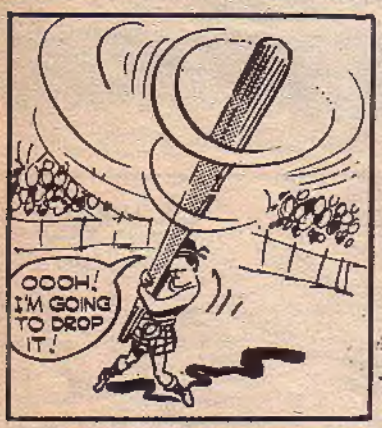
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

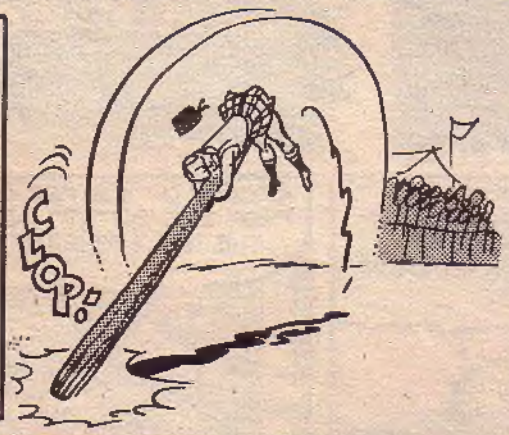

HERE WE ARE, JUNE. THE HOME OF THE HENDERSON CLAN IN THE MIDDLE OF SCOTLAND.
THIS SEEMS A WASTE OF TIME TO ME, DICKIE— BRINGING US HERE FOR THE HENDERSON HIGHLAND GAMES.

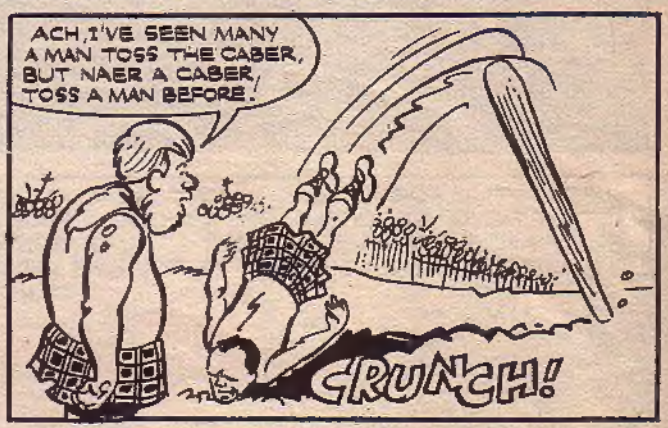


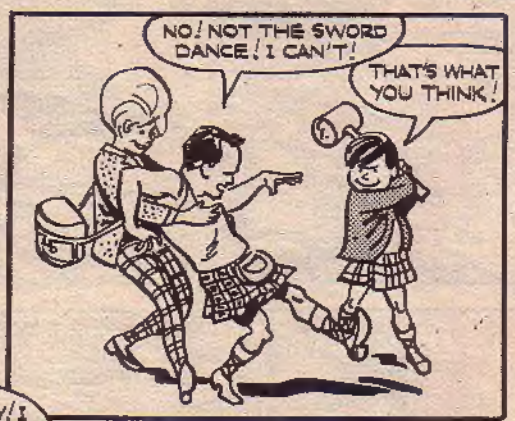
AND SO, NEXT DAY...
NOW, DINNA WORRY, COUSIN DICKIE. AS A SENIOR MEMBER OF THE CLAN, YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO WIN EITHER THE CABER TOSS OR THE SWORD DANCE FOR THE PRIZE!
THAT'S WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

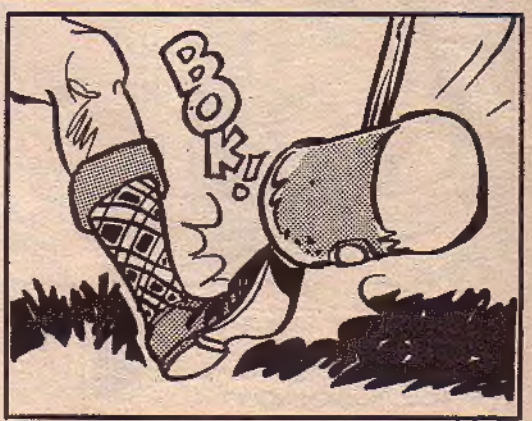




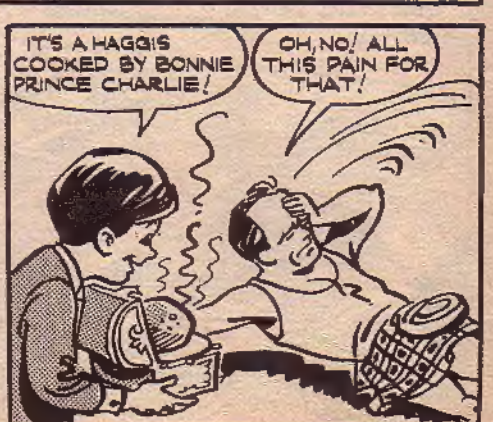






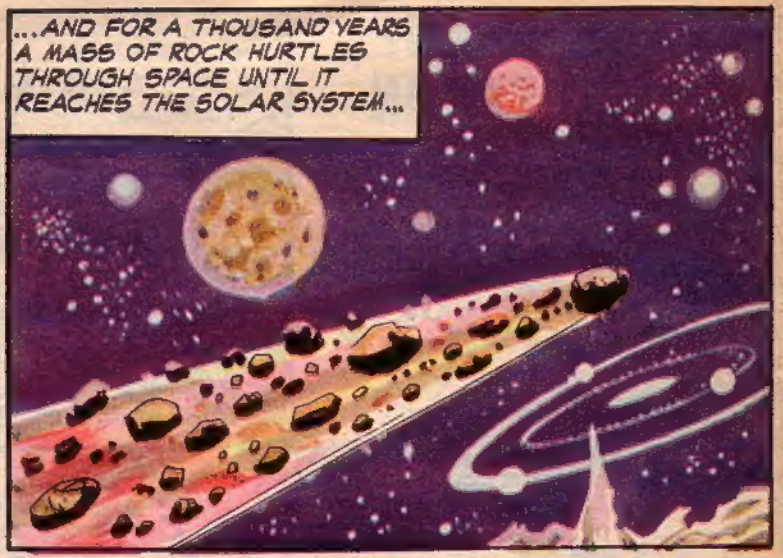


OOOOOOO!
I GIVE IN, ANDY! I DINNA MIND DOING A SWORD DANCE, AND I DINNA MIND PLAYING THE BAGPIPES, BUT I CANNA DANCE AND MAKE A NOISE LIKE THE BAGPIPES AT THE SAME TIME!



Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

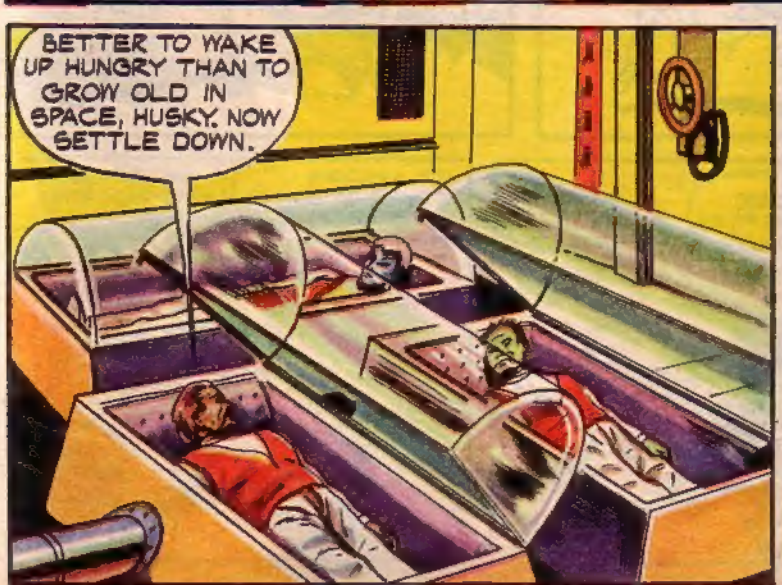
Next week, Dickie gives you laughs while trying to be a salesman!

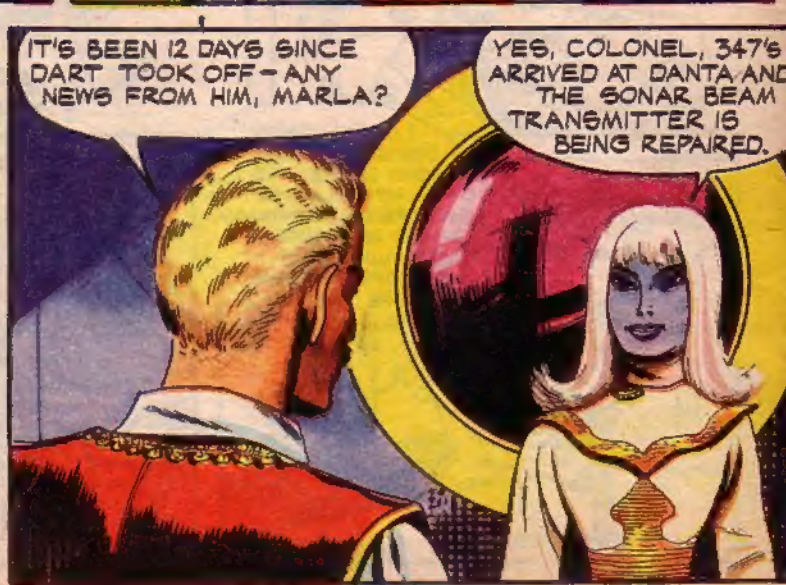


SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

JUST WAITING FOR FINAL INSTRUCTIONS, COLONEL. SLIM AND HUSKY ARE ALREADY ABOARD THE GALASPHERE.
THEN YOU'D BETTER JOIN THEM... TAKE A LOOK AT THE SONAR BEAM TRANSMITTER ON ASTEROID DANTA.




IT'S BEEN 12 DAYS SINCE DART TOOK OFF – ANY NEWS FROM HIM, MARLA?
YES, COLONEL, 347's ARRIVED AT DANTA AND THE SONAR BEAM TRANSMITTER IS BEING REPAIRED.

... THEN, DAY BY DAY, DAMAGE REPORTS FLOOD THE OFFICE OF COLONEL RAEBURN, CHIEF OF SPACE PATROL.

THE SONAR BEAM TRANSMITTER ON ASTEROID DANTA IS OUT OF ACTION, COLONEL RAEBURN.

THAT'S THE ONE FOR YOUR HOME PLANET VENUS, ISN'T IT, MARLA?

THAT'S RIGHT, COLONEL... I'VE ALREADY ORDERED CAPTAIN DART AND GALASPHERE 347 TO STAND BY!

GOOD! I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH DART... I THINK HE'S WITH PROFESSOR HAGGARTY.

NOW, LARRY ME BOY, LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE ME BANANA LOAF. OI'VE GROWN IT JUST FOR YOU!

AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE CONTAMINATION ROOM GETTING SPACE PATROL CLEARANCE, DART?

AND SO...

MESON POWER ON... TAKE OFF PROGRAMME A.O.K.

RIGHT—ONCE WE'RE IN SPACE WE'LL ENTER THE FREEZER. I'LL SET THE AUTOMATIC TIME CONTROL FOR 12 DAYS 3 HOURS.

I HATE THIS DEEP FREEZING PART OF SPACE TRAVEL. I ALWAYS WAKE UP SO HUNGRY!

CAPTAIN DART! LOOK! THIS ROCK'S PULSATING LIKE A HEART!

MEVIN

Captain Dart returns to Earth with the rock next week ... and starts a panic!

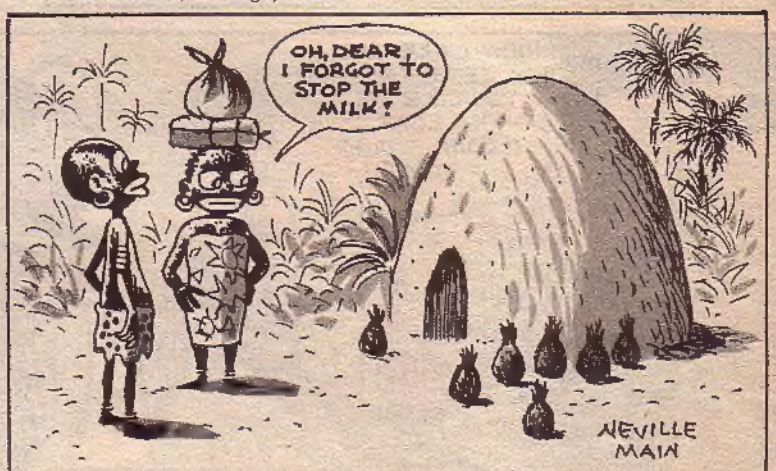
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes, on a postcard stating age, name and address to:—The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

R. Howell, Hackney, London, E.8

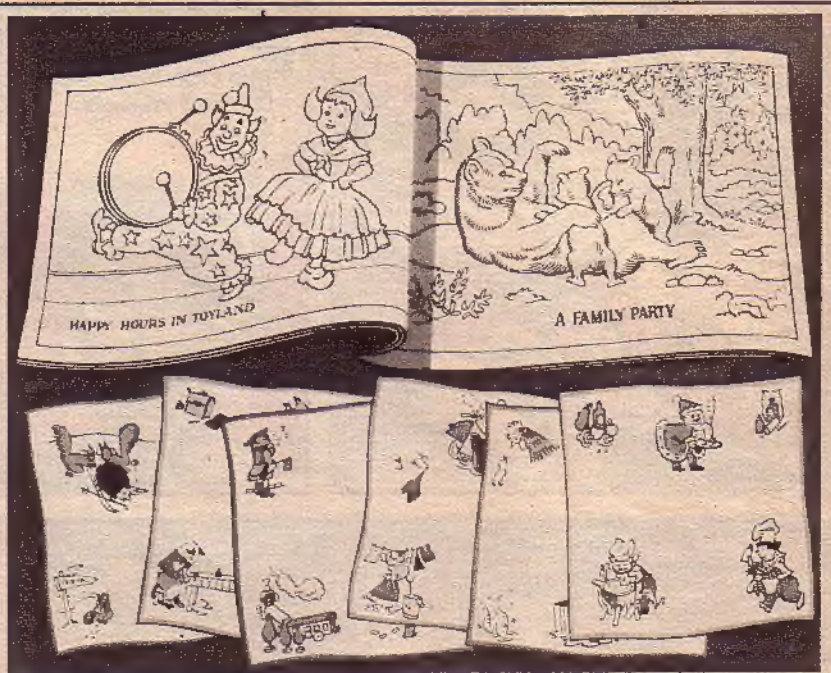
A. Raistrick, Chelmsford, Essex

E. Edwards, Eastleigh, Hants.



J. Whiteford, Allesley, Coventry

SEND TO *Batchelors* NOW FOR THIS WONDERFUL GIFT OFFER



6 Irish-made handkerchiefs for 2/11, plus this painting book for you

You'll have fun for hours with this book! It has 14 pages of drawings of ships, animals, castles and cartoon characters that you can colour with either water-colour paints or crayons.

To get your painting book, just ask Mum to follow the instructions given below, and we will send her 6 Irish-made handkerchiefs, printed with animal pictures. Tell her that these handkerchiefs have colours that won't run, and that they won't shrink either—she'll be pleased!

How to get your handkerchiefs and painting book. Get Mum to fill in the coupon on the right, and to send it before October 31st, together with 2 labels from any cans of Batchelors processed peas, butter beans, garden peas, broad beans or carrots, and a P.O. for 2/11, to Batchelors Foods Ltd., Dept. B.H., Worksop, Nottinghamshire.

To: Batchelors Foods Ltd., Dept. B.H., Worksop, Nottinghamshire *Please send me the 6 handkerchiefs and the painting book as advertised. I enclose a P.O. for 2/11 and 2 labels from Batchelors cans. (Offer closes 31st October.)*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

BHO9

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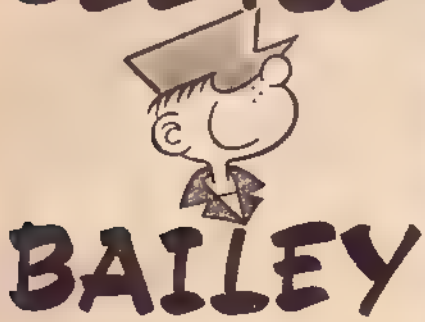
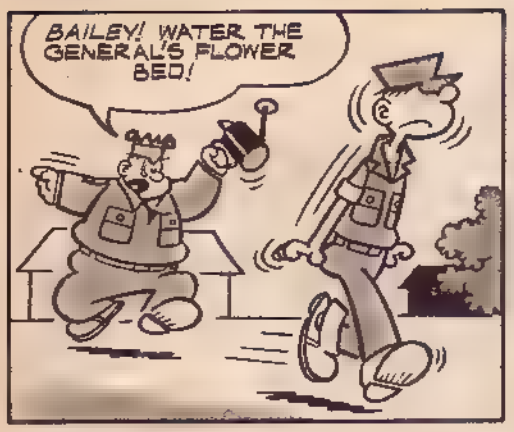
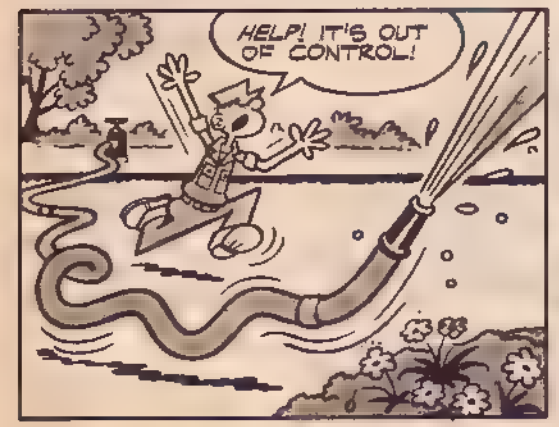
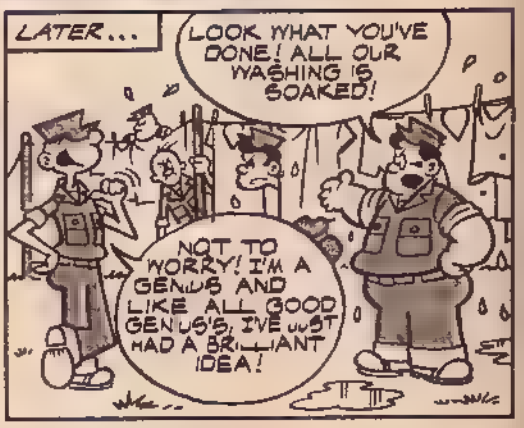
BEETLE BAILEY

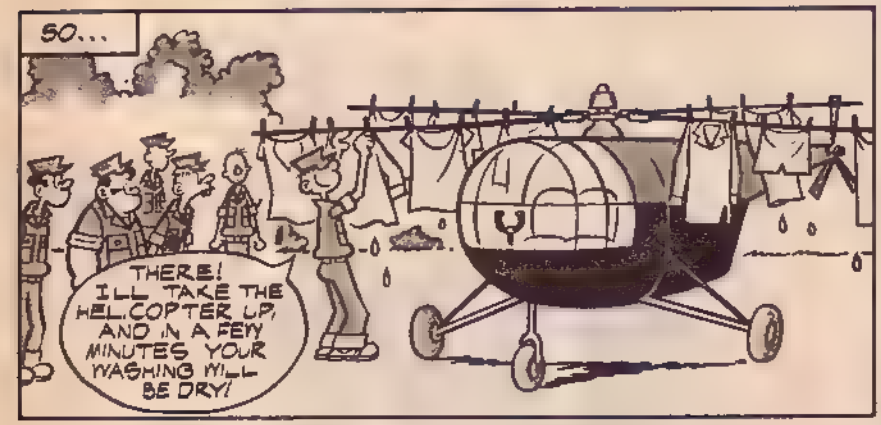


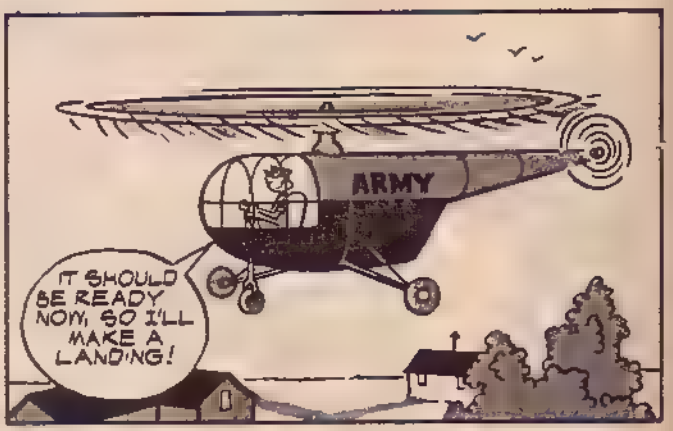
DON'T YOU REMEMBER, BEETLE? THE WHOLE COMPANY IS ON WEEKEND LEAVE TOMORROW.
BUT OF COURSE! I'D BETTER START GETTING MY UNIFORM READY.

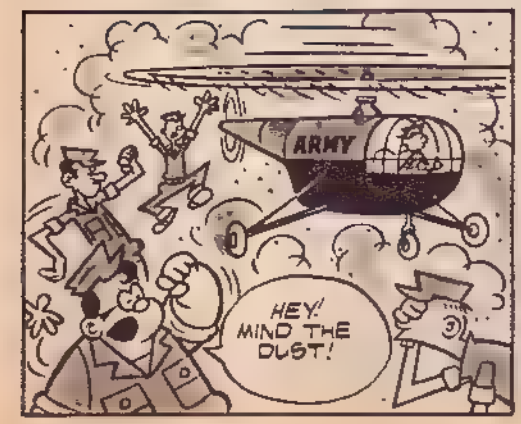


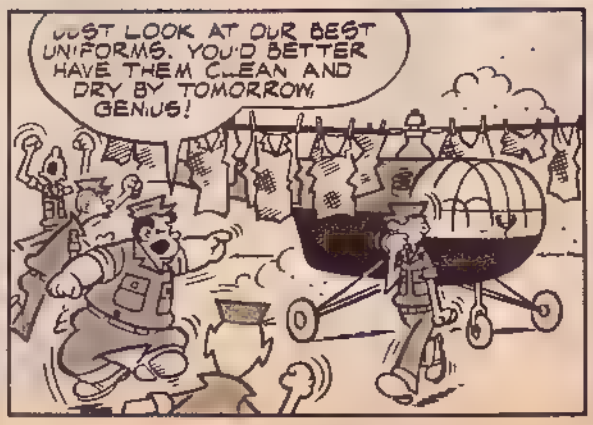


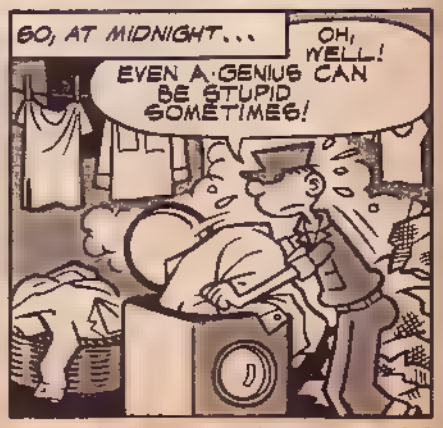

LATER...
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! ALL OUR WASHING IS SOAKED!
NOT TO WORRY! I'M A GENIUS AND LIKE ALL GOOD GENIUS'S, I'VE JUST HAD A BRILLIANT IDEA!











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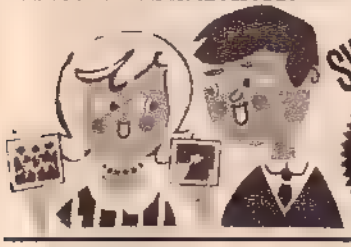
Sarge and Beetle are playing hide and seek, next week!

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES IN GLORIOUS FULL COLOUR

Hi Gang—look what's new! Pop Stamps featuring your favourite rave singers: The Dave Clark Five, Cilla Black, The Bachelors, Dusty Springfield, Gerry and the Pacemakers, The Searchers! Real stamp-size photos in fabulous colour. Stick 'em on your record sleeves and books. Use 'em to 'sign off' letters. Sixpence a pack from stores and stationers.



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Enclose your own name and address and the name of the glove puppet you require.

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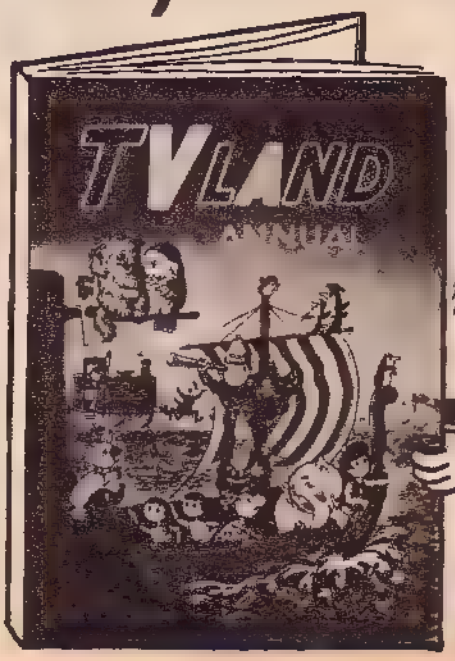
the long and the short of it!

TV COMIC ANNUAL and TV LAND ANNUAL are the year's best buy



TV Comic Annual . . . 104 pages packed with fun, thrills and adventure . . .

TV Land Annual . . . all the favourites of TV for the under sevens. 80 colour packed pages.

ON SALE NOW
Price 8/6d. each

DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity

THE ROBOTS REVOLT

MORNING lessons had been in progress at Televarsity for about an hour when something peculiar happened. The TV screen in the Fourth Form classroom suddenly went blank, then seemed to consist of lightning flashes.

"We now have a technical 'itch," said Bodger, scratching his ear to show what he meant.

The laugh that followed this was hardly over when the robot monitor seemed to go all haywire. Spreading his arms, he started waltzing solemnly on his rollers. Round and round he went, spinning like a ballet dancer, while the pals looked on in astonishment.

"He's got the itch as well," said Bodger.

The students at Televarsity, where everything is automatic, were quite used to technical hitches. Bodger and Co. laid down their pens and sat back to see what happened next. What happened was that the mechanical monitor, having finished his dance, suddenly picked up the waste-paper basket and emptied it over the head of Blenkinsop, a studious youth in the front row.

Similar things were happening in the other classrooms. In the Third form room, not only did the screen go blank but the monitor began to dance. Then he suddenly rushed across the room and fell over a desk. Tich Wallis, who happened to be sitting there, got out of his way just in time.

"Help!" Tich gasped. "He's gone off his head."

"He's fallen on it, anyway," chuckled another boy. "Maybe he's given himself a headache."

The most exciting events, however, took place in the stinks lab. where the Fifth were at work. Kane and Grogan, the two bullies, were working on an electronic device when it suddenly went bang in front of them. Clouds of smoke came out of it, and Kane and Grogan nearly collapsed.

"You silly ass!" Kane howled. "You pressed the wrong button!"

"Me!" gasped Grogan. "I didn't touch a thing!"

Not many fellows were sorry for Kane and Grogan, but they stared in awe at the chemistry robot. The lab. monitor was going round the benches throwing test tubes and jars all over the place. Some of them burst and an awful smell arose.

The Fifth streamed out of the lab, coughing and gasping. Nobody knew what had happened, except that there must be a fault somewhere.

Dr. Nolan was well aware of the fact. Sitting in his study, he was pressing buttons frantically, but nothing seemed to have any effect. His TV screens, which showed him what was happening in the various classrooms, were all blank.

Dr. Nolan seized his telephone. It was his intention to ring the engineers. But blue sparks flashed as he lifted it, and the headmaster received several kinds of shock, mainly electric.

"Goodness gracious me!" he exclaimed, dropping the phone.

Worse was to follow. The door of the study flew open, and in rushed Pete, the PT robot. Pete's usual place was in the gym, which was empty during classes, but something electrical had gone wrong there as well. Pete's arms were waving, and he was all set for boxing instruction. Rumbling across the study, he gave Dr. Nolan a punch on the nose, Dr. Nolan very nearly turned a somersault.

About seven seconds later, Dr. Nolan shot out of his study pursued by the mechanical gym instructor, who seemed determined to teach him boxing. But one punch was more than enough for the kindly headmaster, who leaped on to the travelator to escape.

What had happened?

Dr. Nolan did not know for certain, but he could give a good guess. All his robots were controlled by radio, and it was obvious that something had interfered with their wavelength. Some station somewhere was transmitting impulses that affected them strangely.

But where was it?

It seemed more important at the moment to restore order among the boys.

Calling to Tom Ranger, the school captain, and the other prefects, Dr. Nolan did his best.

"Big Hall!" he shouted. "Everybody in the Big Hall."

It was easy enough to say. What with fireguards squirting water from their hoses, monitors throwing books about and all the robots in confusion, the boys had a lot of dodging to do to reach the Big Hall.

They were comparatively safe in the Hall, which was empty save for the electronic brain on the platform, and the brain was a fixture like a wall cabinet. It did nothing except give answers to questions.

Tom, Bodger, Boodle and Butch, the new American boy, scouted round for stragglers, and presently Dr. Nolan was able to take a roll call.

"Thank goodness!" he gasped at length. "We're all here. Ranger, have you bolted those doors?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, who was standing guard. "I don't think anything can get in."

This was just as well, for there was still a great deal of noise in the corridors. Robots were banging into one another, bangs and crashes sounded, and now and then there were sizzling sounds.

Dr. Nolan used a handkerchief tenderly on his nose.

"We must get the engineers, Ranger," he gulped. "But—but the telephone seems out of order."

"How about asking the brain, sir?" cried Tom.

This seemed a good idea. To ask a question, it was necessary first to give the brain all possible information, and Dr. Nolan was busy for a time stamping this out on special cards. When these were ready, he fed them into the machine, which whirred rapidly and finally shot out a card with the answer.

The answer was: "BOO!"

Dr. Nolan groaned. Even the brain had got its wavelengths mixed!

Bangs and other noises were still sounding in the corridors, and it was Bodger who had the real brainwave. Not an "electronic" one, but something perfectly ordinary.

"Somebody will have to go for the engineers, sir!" he exclaimed.

"My dear boy!" Dr. Nolan was shocked. "It is too dangerous. Think of all those robots outside."

Bodger was thinking about them. He could hardly help doing so, for the door beside him nearly caved in as something was hurled violently against it. He could only suppose that Pete was trying to give it boxing lessons!

"I'll go, sir!" Bodger cried. "My pal, Boodle, will come with me."

"N-n-n-no, I won't!" Boodle stuttered in alarm.

"I'll go with him, sir!" roared Butch excitedly.

"So will I, sir," cried Tom Ranger.

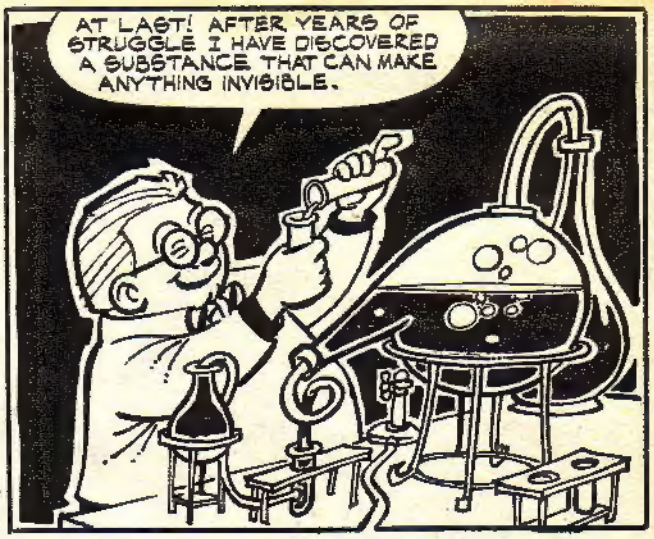
There was no lack of volunteers. At least half the boys were ready to break through the line of robots. But how were they going to do it . . .?

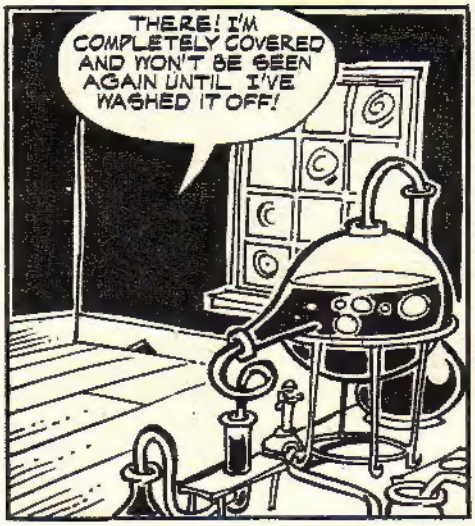
There's fun next week when the robots run riot in the town of Shinglesea.

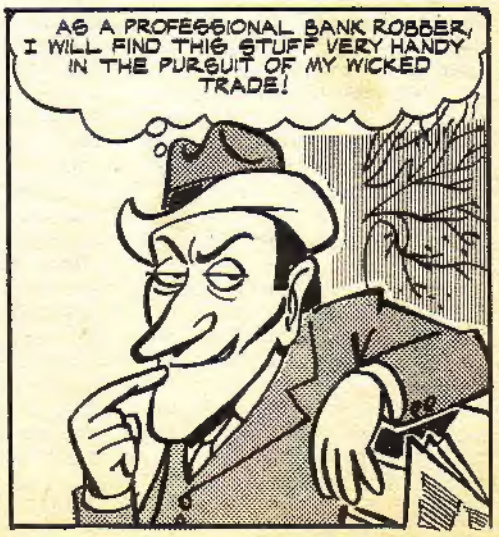
THE TELEGOONS

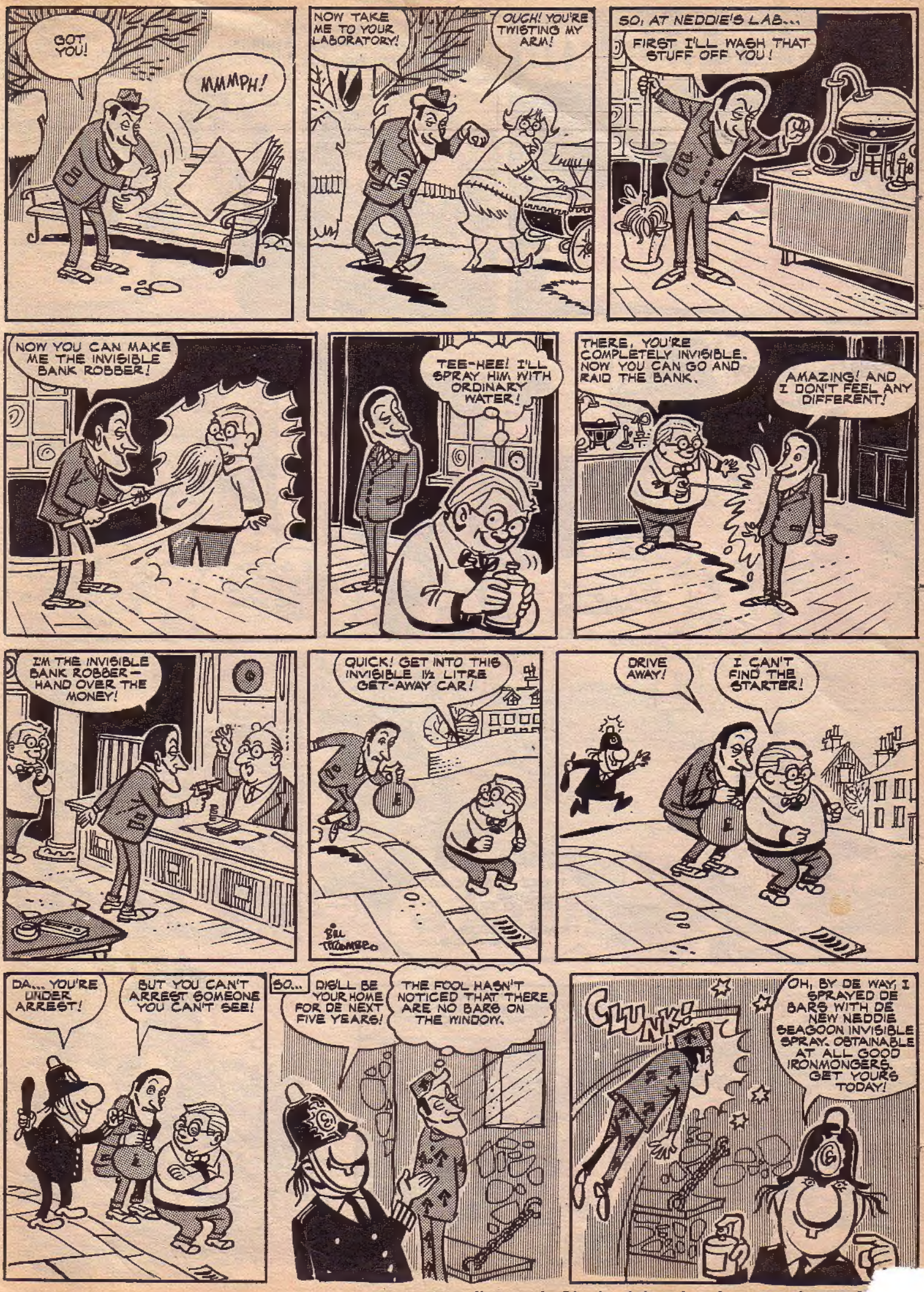
IN

LONG TIME, NO SEE-GOON!





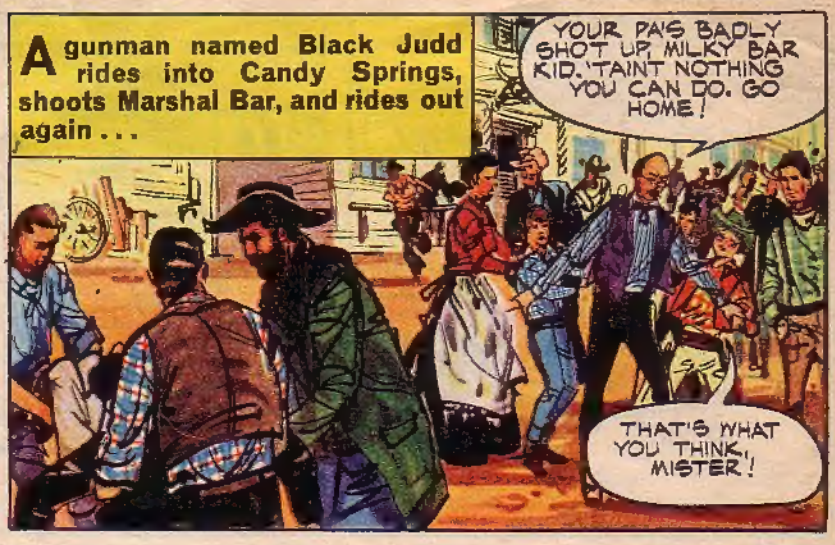


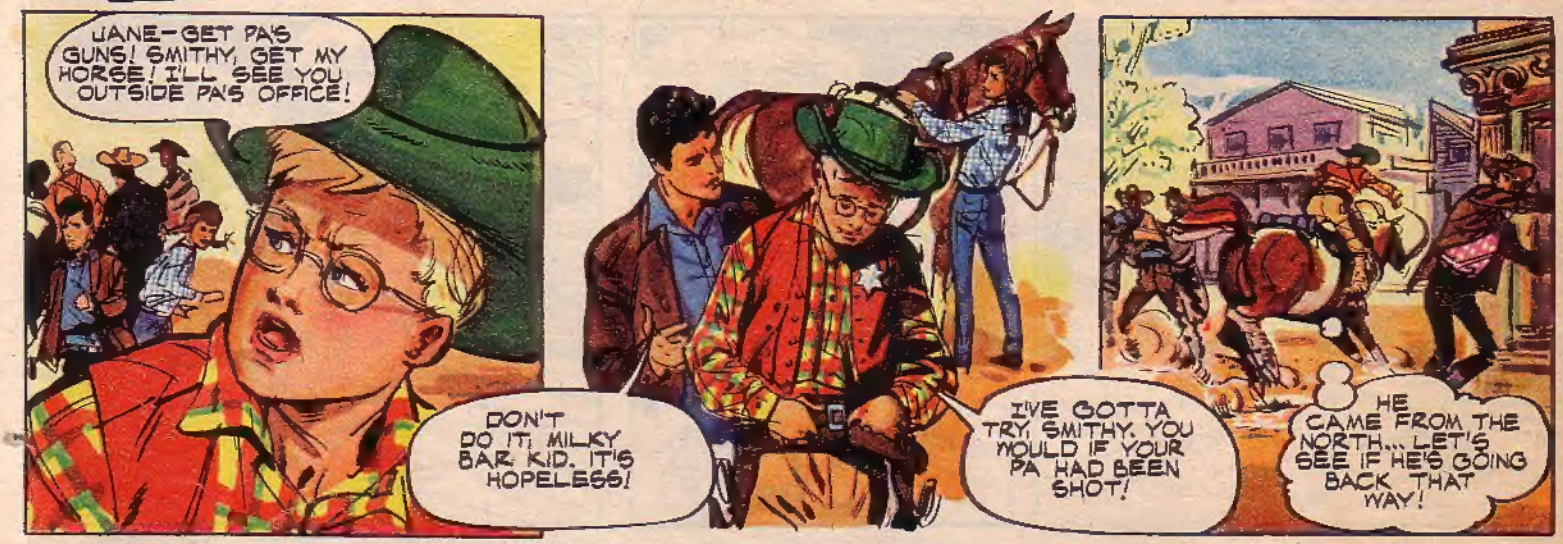

GOT YOU!
MMMPH!
NOW TAKE ME TO YOUR LABORATORY!
OUCH! YOU'RE TWISTING MY ARM!
SO, AT NEDDIE'S LAB...
FIRST I'LL WASH THAT STUFF OFF YOU!
NOW YOU CAN MAKE ME THE INVISIBLE BANK ROBBER!
TEE-HEE! I'LL SPRAY HIM WITH ORDINARY WATER!
THERE, YOU'RE COMPLETELY INVISIBLE. NOW YOU CAN GO AND RAID THE BANK.
AMAZING! AND I DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT!
I'M THE INVISIBLE BANK ROBBER— HAND OVER THE MONEY!
QUICK! GET INTO THIS INVISIBLE 1½ LITRE GET-AWAY CAR!
DRIVE AWAY!
I CAN'T FIND THE STARTER!
DA... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST SOMEONE YOU CAN'T SEE!
SO...
DIS'LL BE YOUR HOME FOR DE NEXT FIVE YEARS!
THE FOOL HASN'T NOTICED THAT THERE ARE NO BARS ON THE WINDOW.
CLUNK!
OH, BY DE WAY, I SPRAYED DE BARS WITH DE NEW NEDDIE SEAGOON INVISIBLE SPRAY. OBTAINABLE AT ALL GOOD IRONMONGERS. GET YOURS TODAY!

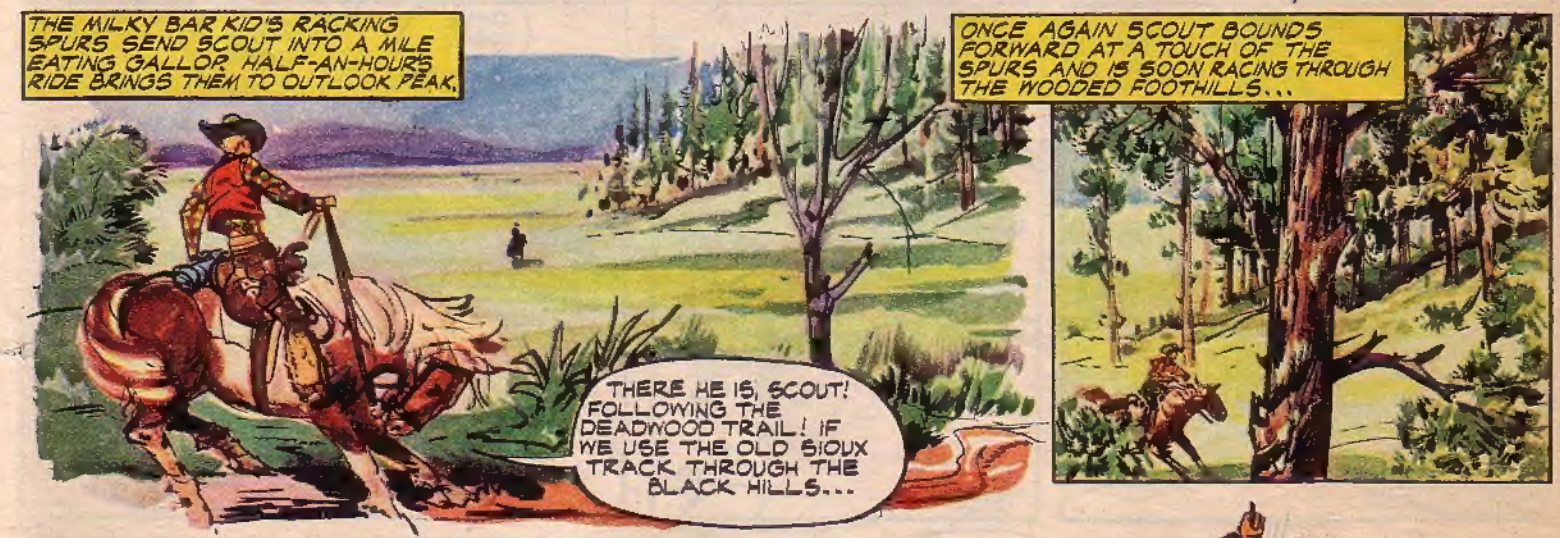
Next week, Bloodnock is only a foot away from a f

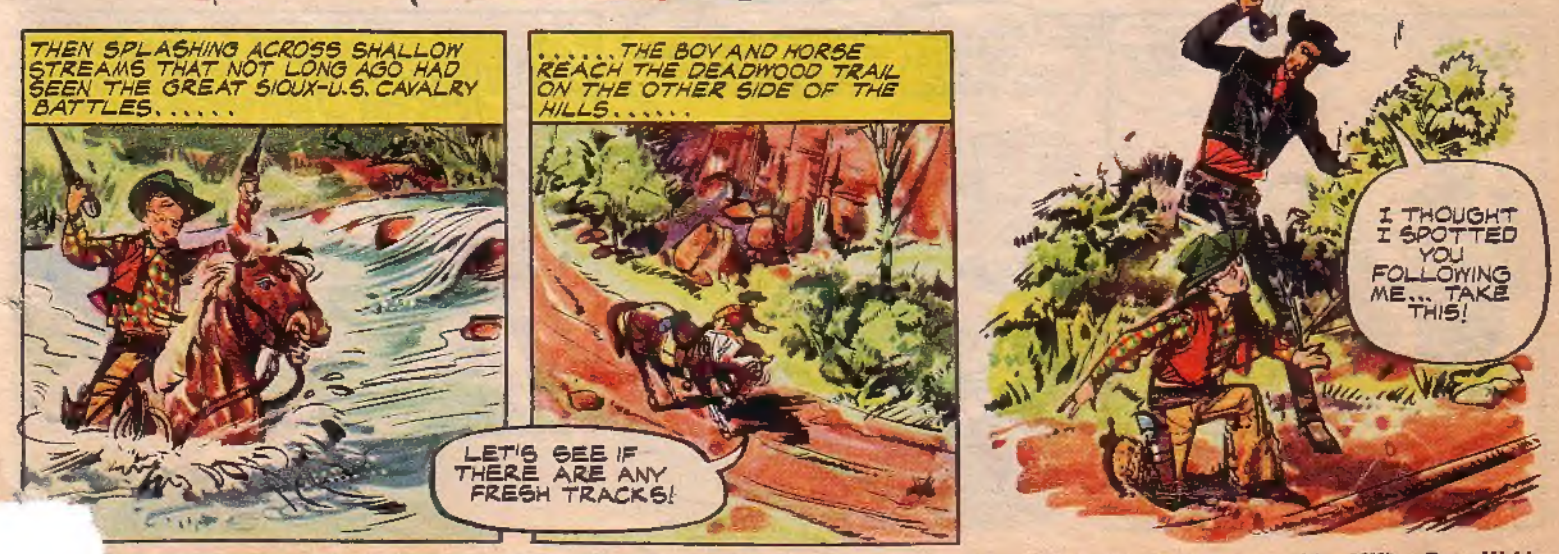
The MILKY BAR KID

A gunman named Black Judd rides into Candy Springs, shoots Marshal Bar, and rides out again . . .




JANE—GET PA'S GUNS! SMITHY, GET MY HORSE! I'LL SEE YOU OUTSIDE PA'S OFFICE!
DON'T DO IT, MILKY BAR KID. IT'S HOPELESS!
I'VE GOTTA TRY, SMITHY. YOU WOULD IF YOUR PA HAD BEEN SHOT!
HE CAME FROM THE NORTH... LET'S SEE IF HE'S GOING BACK THAT WAY!


THE MILKY BAR KID'S RACKING SPURS SEND SCOUT INTO A MILE EATING GALLOP. HALF-AN-HOURS RIDE BRINGS THEM TO OUTLOOK PEAK.
THERE HE IS, SCOUT! FOLLOWING THE DEADWOOD TRAIL! IF WE USE THE OLD SIOUX TRACK THROUGH THE BLACK HILLS...
ONCE AGAIN SCOUT BOUNDS FORWARD AT A TOUCH OF THE SPURS AND IS SOON RACING THROUGH THE WOODED FOOTHILLS...


THEN SPLASHING ACROSS SHALLOW STREAMS THAT NOT LONG AGO HAD SEEN THE GREAT SIOUX-U.S. CAVALRY BATTLES.....
LET'S SEE IF THERE ARE ANY FRESH TRACKS!
.....THE BOY AND HORSE REACH THE DEADWOOD TRAIL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILLS.....
I THOUGHT I SPOTTED YOU FOLLOWING ME... TAKE THIS!

Don't miss the thrills in next week's Milky Bar Kid!